

THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

OF

LOCAL NEWS AND HOME READING,
PUBLISHED ATBLOOMFIELD, ESSEX CO., NEW JERSEY,
BY THE

Bloomfield Publishing Company.

\$2.00 a Year, in advance. Single Copies, 5c.

THE EDITORIAL AND NEWS DEPARTMENTS ARE UNDER
THE SUPERVISION OF A BOARD OF DIRECTORS, BY
WHOM THE EDITORS ARE SELECTED AND THE BUSINESS
OF THE NEWSPAPER CONTROLLED.SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADVERTISEMENTS AND COMMUNI-
CATIONS OF ANY KIND, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO
"THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN," P. O. BOX 260, BLOOM-
FIELD, NEW JERSEY. OUR OFFICE IS OVER THE
POST OFFICE.ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED BY
THE AUTHOR'S NAME, IN CONFIDENCE, OR FOR
PUBLICATION. REJECTED OR UNAVAILABLE ARTI-
CLES, HAVING PROPER STAMP AND ADDRESS, WILL
BE RETURNED.WHILE IT IS THE FULL INTENTION OF THE EDITOR
TO ALLOW THE LARGEST LIBERTY TO CONTRIBU-
TORS, IT MUST BE DISTINCTLY UNDERSTOOD THAT
WE DO NOT THEREBY ENDUCE THEIR OPINIONS
OR ARE IN ANY SENSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM.NEWS ITEMS, NOTICES AND REPORTS MUST BE SENT
TO THE OFFICE NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY EVE-
NING OF EACH WEEK, IF THEY ARE TO APPEAR
IN THE CURRENT NUMBER.TRANSIENT NOTICES, FIFTY CENTS FOR EIGHT LINES,
EACH INSERTION. FOR LARGER SPACE AND PER-
MANENT RATES, APPLY AS ABOVE.

Next Year.

Last week we reminded our readers that the CITIZEN had completed its first year as a newspaper, and some of the events in which the paper has taken part were referred to. The prospects for the ensuing year are much more favorable than were expected, and in view of this fact it has been determined to increase the size of the paper, which is done with the issue now presented.

It has also been determined to have the CITIZEN printed at Newark instead of in New York City, in order that we may obtain all the advantages in the matter of advertising and otherwise which are only available to a paper printed and published in the county where it is located.

We believe that both of these changes are beneficial to our patrons and also to stockholders of the company.

The year upon which we now enter will be a most important one. The improvements within the township are to completion and should be inau-

gurated. The paper contains many improvements, which shows high the town's development.

It is receiving an unusual degree of attention, and if the efforts now being made to bring about a reformation in this particular shall be continued no one can doubt but that lasting good can be accomplished for the community as well as for individuals.

To the cause of temperance as well as to every other reform the CITIZEN will lend its aid and influence, but in view of the harsh criticism to which some of its expressions on this issue have been subjected it cannot be amiss to briefly state our platform.

We believe in the cause of temperance and infinitely prefer prohibition to free trade. If any word of ours could banish the use of intoxicating liquors from our town or state that word would be promptly spoken. But intemperance may not be overcome so easily. It must be met and dealt with by the exercise of the same sound sense and enlightened judgement which we use in dealing with sin and crime in other forms.

We believe that it is not possible to reach actual prohibition by legal enactment, but we are in favor of having the sale of liquor regulated by the State within the narrowest limits.

The first step should be towards suppressing the illegal sale of intoxicants and the people should then demand that the legal requirements shall be raised.

A high license would abolish two-thirds of the dram shops in this State and would tend to limit the influence of the others.

This, in brief, is the position we take on the temperance question, and it is the same position which we took nearly one year ago on this issue.

The signing of a pledge will be useful to the individual who thus subscribes his name, but its effect in reducing the number of saloons within the township cannot compare to that of a high license fee.

We are on the eve of a most exciting presidential election. The preliminary skirmish over the choice of delegates is nearly over and in a few weeks the candidates will have been chosen. In National and State politics this paper proposes to stand by the principles and the candidates of the Republican party. In matters purely local, we can see no good reason for incurring too strenuously upon drawing party lines.

We believe that the policy above outlined will command the approval of the thinking men in our community and will tend to the substantial benefit of the town at large.

The Trees.

In last week's issue "Bloomfield" com- field complained of the cutting down of trees in certain places, taking Mr. Chas. Davis, particularly to task. We do not agree with our correspondent. He does not belong to either of the classes of persons who judge of unfinished work, and therefore his feelings must have temporarily eclipsed his judgment. He is not alone in his regret at the disappearance of fine trees, but circumstances alter cases. It became necessary for the sake of drainage and good roads to alter the grade of Franklin and other streets in several places. This has left the sidewalks here and there much higher than the roadway. Several consequences have followed from this. In the first place, pedestrainism has become both difficult and dangerous. Starting from the "Buck Row" on Franklin street, and going towards the town one climbs up a slope till he reaches Montgomery street, and then makes a sudden descent. After a few feet of level walk there used to be another steep bank to descend in order to reach the road. Thanks to Mr. Davis's good sense, this is a thing of the past. Having crossed the road, the traveller ascends a bank in front of the Baptist church. He then has a chance to recover his breath before walking up, with long and graceful stride, the broad steps near the burned district. Having secured his mail at the post-office, he proceeds towards the train by first going down a flight of steps, then going up one, and then by an inclined plane once more reaching the general level of the road system. The hundreds of persons who hundreds of times each year make this and similar trips, should not be put to such very great inconvenience for the sake of preserving a dozen or eighteen trees. But these ups and downs, banks and ditches, are not only fatiguing; they are at times positively dangerous. When the walks are covered with ice the old and infirm are debarred from walking, and the young need all their agility when they undertake it, to prevent bruises and fractures. The amount of bad temper and, perhaps, profligacy, caused by that V-shaped ditch, which hemis in the Baptist church, would be hard to estimate.

The second result of the disagreement between the sidewalks and the roads, on the subject of level, is destruction of beauty. The great argument against the cutting down of a fine tree is that it is the taking away of a thing of beauty. That is all very well. Diamonds are very beautiful; but a diamond stud in the dirty shirt from a ward politician cannot be said to present a combination acceptable to cultivated taste. Neither can beautiful trees redeem some of the unsightly banks which, in several places, disfigure our streets. If beauty be desired, then let those walks be brought down to the proper level without delay. When Mr. Davis has finished his walks and set out his young trees, let any unprejudiced observer decide between the relative beauty of the two sides of the street. If the walks were all graded at once, and young trees put out to take the place of the old ones cut down, in ten years or less time, the old beauty would be restored, and the convenience of the walking public have been regained in the meantime. As it is now, we have neither beauty nor convenience. The change must come, for the public will at last force it. Then why not take the medicine without delay, and start on the road to recovery?

Tramps.

The most innocent people in the world are the tourists who lodge in the barn, boil their coffee in the wood, and take breakfast in the kitchen. Against their peace the whole world is arrayed. The tramp is a good fellow. Not very tidy to be sure, but with a broad mind corresponding to his opportunities. For, you must know, he is educated, has been everywhere, seen everything, and knows the ropes. People are very unjust to him. Not a crime is committed but some tramp did it. The vacant hen roosts, the fires, robberies and murders are laid at his door. The world owes him a living and he must have it, even if it be at the price of an hour at the saw-buck. For work he hardly dares to ask. With much fear and trembling he seeks it. At each request his heart sinks—at the dread full thought that his request may be granted. With tomato cans, boiling water, and Bridget's tongue, he is familiar. Alike insensible to kindness and to reproach, he goes his weary way, taking no thought for the morrow, and seldom meditating suicide, like those whose minds are occupied with problems about the future conditions of the "shorts," and the final state of the wicked. In that future land he will still wander on, asking for a piece of bread or little money to take him to his friends in Philadelphia or Paterson. This ubiquitous guild of vagabondage hath many departments. The umbrella man, he whose pleasant voice sings out, "Glass put in," and the musicians of many varieties furnish the lower orders.

The bon ton, the nobility as it were, the true gentleman, is the peripatetic philosopher without occupation, the compound of laziness and impudence, who, par excellence, deserves and receives the name of tramp. It is unnecessary to remark that he is never bothered by long visits from city relatives who want to spend the summer on a farm, —Burlington Hawkeye.

A well-do farmer near Philadelphia prefers the meat of dogs and cats to beef and mutton, and frequently serves up his butchered canines and felines on his table. It is unnecessary to remark that he is never bothered by long visits from city relatives who want to spend the summer on a farm, —Burlington Hawkeye.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edina. Lundborg's Perfume, Marshal Niel Rose. Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet. Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

fringe of the national government, the rag tag and bobtail of creation. These gleaners of the breakfast table, what shall we do with them? For something must be done. To feed them is to encourage laziness, to swell the eminence of vice and crime reeking through the land. To give them money is to increase intemperance. To hope for improvement is to give evidence of insanity upon the part of the sentimental dispenser of charity. The jail is to them a luxurious home.

There are some habits of American society which are suicidal in their results. The increasing jealousy bred of trades-unionism, the degradation of labor, the growth of speculation and of wealth, have fostered such a hatred of honest labor as to make contentment impossible. We need a second Franklin to teach the homely virtues of industry and economy. We despise labor, and sow the seeds of communism. We exalt brilliancy, dashing profligacy, and smile with pity upon the steady toilers at the bench and the anvil. Workingmen themselves have too much pity for the lazy and impudent braggart who fills their minds with distrust of their often generous employers. Nature's mandates cannot be refused. The hard winter compels sleep, and the lazy must be encouraged to labor; nay, more, must be compelled to labor or starve. The good-natured optimism which sees no evils, the instinct of selfishness which neglects them and the cynicism which scorns contact with the low and degraded, will one day be compelled to face the dangers which loom up from the depths of society and apply a remedy, stern, quick, and relentless. Among our kitchen callers, a few may be honest and needy, but for them it is worth while to encourage an army of dangerous and worthless tramps? Is it not better even for the few that they remain where they are known rather than mingle with worthless and dissolute companions upon the road? In any view of the case, to encourage tramps is not only a waste of money, but also an encouragement of evil. For individuals, States or towns, there is but one rule, "He who will not work shall not eat." No honest workingman need take to the road in search of labor. There is always work near at hand for all who are in earnest to do it.

Temperance.

The lecture of Rev. W. H. Boole, of Brooklyn, on Temperance, was well received by those who heard it as one of the ablest thus far given in Bloomfield on the subject of temperance. The audience was large, filling the lower part of the house. Although the lecture was an hour and fifty-five minutes long, it was listened to with close attention from the beginning to end, and was frequently greeted with applause.

The subject of the lecture was "The Barbarism and Usurpation of Temperance Legislation." It would not be possible to report fully in these columns the remarks of the speaker. His utterance was rapid and forcible, and abounded in reasoning and illustration. His main line of address was to prove that in permitting the sale of alcoholic drinks government is false to its chief principle and duty—the protection of orderly citizens—and that prohibition is the only legitimate position the State or Nation can occupy in relation to the sale of alcoholic beverages.

For a small improvement we know nothing which commands itself to our approval more heartily than the proposed fountain in the Centre. A bit of green grass, some flowers, a fresh tinkle of bright water on hot and dusty days—these will more than repay the liberality which devises such a pleasant sight. Every visitor and every passer-by, to say nothing of those who daily see this little oasis in that Sahara, will wonder why it was not done long before. We hope this plan will neither be discouraged nor prevented, but will be one of the handsomest successes of the present year.

For a small improvement we know nothing which commands itself to our approval more heartily than the proposed fountain in the Centre. A bit of green grass, some flowers, a fresh tinkle of bright water on hot and dusty days—these will more than repay the liberality which devises such a pleasant sight. Every visitor and every passer-by, to say nothing of those who daily see this little oasis in that Sahara, will wonder why it was not done long before. We hope this plan will neither be discouraged nor prevented, but will be one of the handsomest successes of the present year.

List of Letters

Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday, April 30, 1884.

Anderson, Karen Morris, Robert Patterson, Mrs. Ella Bailey, Miss A. Powelson, A. L. Coates, Mrs. Pratt, Read & Co. Drumm, Mrs. J. H. Ramsay, Mrs. K. Fell, Lawrence Russen, Joseph McKenna, Mrs. Chris Simmons, George Steverson, Joe

H. DODD, P. M.

At the Old Hotel Stables.

At All Hours and at POPULAR PRICES.

NONE BUT STEADY DRIVERS EMPLOYED.

THE BICYCLE

IS USED FOR BUSINESS, FOR PLEASURE, FOR EXERCISE, AND FOR RE-CREATION, AS A PRACTICAL AND SUCCESSFUL VEHICLE ON THE ROAD, BY BUSINESS MEN, CLERGYMEN, PHYSICIANS, LAWYERS, ARTISTS, AND ALL CLASSES AND PROFESSIONS.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edina. Lundborg's Perfume, Marshal Niel Rose. Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet. Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Time Tables.

Carefully corrected up to date.

DEL, LACK & WESTERN RAILROAD
Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Montclair—6:03, 7:15, 7:55, 8:28*, 9:15,

6:35, 11:35 8:15, 9:40, 11:00 p.m. 12:20 a.m.

Leave Glen Ridge—6:06, 7:30, 8:10, 9:17,

7:37, 11:37 8:13, 12:3, 1:43, 3:32, 4:47, 5:27, 6:13,

7:00, 8:18, 9:43, 11:00 p.m. 12:23 a.m.

Leave Bloomfield—6:08, 7:19, 7:59, 8:32*, 9:19,

7:45, 8:30, 9:45, 11:00 p.m. 12:24 a.m.

Arrive Newark—6:22, 7:30, 8:10, 9:20, 10:50,

8:37, 10:08, 11:22 p.m. 12:34 a.m.

Arrive New York—6:50, 8:00, 8:40, 9:10, 10:00,

11:20 a.m., 12:20, 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:10, 7:10,

7:55, 9:10, 10:40, 11:55 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:30, 7:20, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10, 10:30,

11:20 a.m., 12:40, 2:1, 3:40, 4:20*, 4:50, 5:30, 6:20,

7:10, 8:30, 10:00, 11:15, 12 p.m.

Leave Newark—7:15, 7:58, 8:43, 9:05, 10:30,

11:03, 11:33 1:10, 2:44, 4:13, 5:26, 6:03, 6:53,

7:40, 8:36, 11:00 p.m.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:10, 7:26, 8:09, 8:55, 9:15,

10:55, 8:00, 9:14, 10:54 p.m. 12:04 a.m. Arrive at Glen Ridge 2 minutes later.

* Indicates train does not stop at Newark.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R. R.

Chambers and 23rd Street Ferries, New York.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Upper Montclair—5:28, 6:57, 7:49, 8:47,

1:26, 4:45, 5:42, 6:50, 8:58 p.m.

Leave Montclair—5:33, 7:02, 7:55, 8:53, 10:22 a.m.

1:34, 4:47, 5:45, 6:55, 10:03 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—6:38, 7:06, 7:58, 8:57, 10:56,

7:40, 8:34, 9:44, 10:55 p.m. 11:40 a.m.

Arrive Newark—6:25, 7:50, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40,

11:25 a.m., 12:05, 1:24, 2:45, 4:24, 5:04, 6:37, 6:15,

7:05, 8:00, 9:14, 10:54 p.m. 12:04 a.m. Arrive at Glen Ridge 2 minutes later.

* Indicates train does not stop at Newark.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R. R.

Chambers and 23rd Street Ferries, New York.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Upper Montclair—5:28, 6:57, 7:49, 8:47,

1:26, 4:45, 5:42, 6:50, 8:58 p.m.

Leave Montclair—5:33, 7:02, 7:55, 8: